90603446 2

J784
Broadwood
Songs from Alice in Wonderland.

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 08774 5762

READING ROOM COLLECTION
FOR LIBRARY USE ONLY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

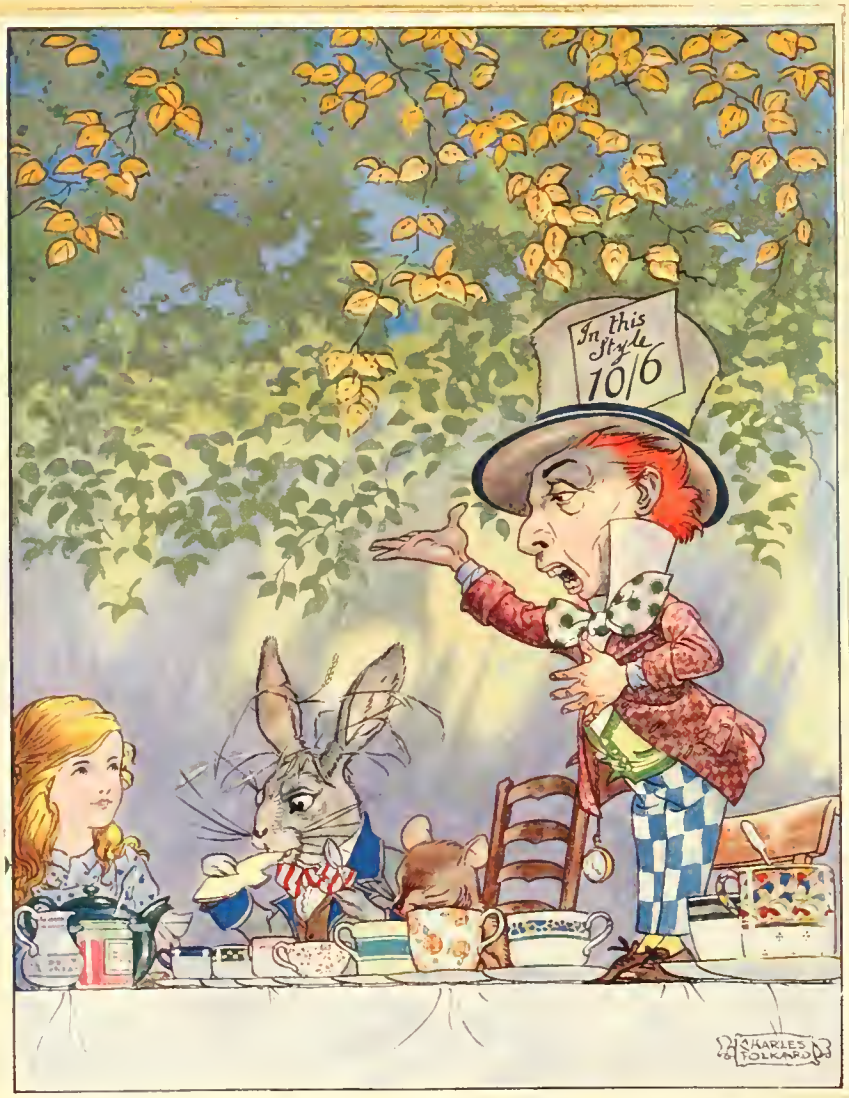
http://www.archive.org/details/songsfromalicein00broa

SONGS FROM

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

AND

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS


In this Style
10/6
CHARLES TOLKARD

SONGS FROM
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
AND
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

WORDS BY LEWIS CARROLL
MUSIC BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES FOLKARD

A. & C. BLACK, LTD., 4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1.

This Book is published by kind permission of
Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Published, October, 1921.

5784-B

My-
A828416

CONTENTS.

SONGS FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

PAGE

How doth the little Crocodile 11
You are Old, Father William 13
Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat! 15
Pig and Pepper 17
The Lobster Quadrille 19
'Tis the Voice of the Lobster 21
Beautiful Soup 23
The Queen of Hearts 24
Who Stole the Tarts? 25

SONGS FROM THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Jabberwocky 29
Tweedledum and Tweedledee 31
The Walrus and the Carpenter 33
Humpty, Dumpty 35
The Message to the Fish 37
The Lion and the Unicorn 39
The Aged, Aged Man 41
Queen Alice 45
The Fish Riddle 47
Hush-a-by, Lady 48

It has been found necessary to slightly alter the original arrangement of the songs; "Pig and Pepper" and "Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat!" have been transposed, and "Hush-a-by, Lady" has been placed last instead of before "Queen Alice."

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

BY

CHARLES FOLKARD.

A Mad Tea-party.... ... . Frontispiece

PAGE

Yet you balance an Eel on the end of your Nose 12

Speak roughly to your little Boy 16

The Lobster Quadrille 18

Beautiful Soup 22

He took his Vorpal Sword in Hand 28

The Walrus and the Carpenter 32

I went and shouted in his Ear 36

I look for Butterflies that sleep among the Wheat 40

Then fill up the Glasses with Treacle and Ink 44

The Fish Riddle 46

Alice and her Friends .... On the Cover

DRINK
ME

SONGS FROM
ALICE
IN
WONDERLAND

How doth the little Crocodile

Moderately quick, sempre legato.

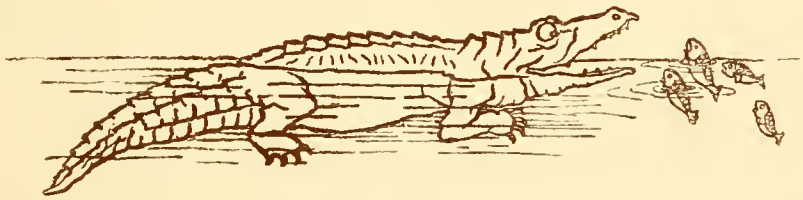
How doth the lit - tle croc - o - dile Im - prove his shi - ning tail, And

pour the wa - ters of the Nile On ev - 'ry gold - en scale! How

animato.

cheer - ful - ly he seems to grin, How neat - ly spreads his claws, And

wel - comes lit - tle fish - es in With gen - tly smi - ling jaws!



CHARLES FOLKARD

You are old, Father William

Briskly.

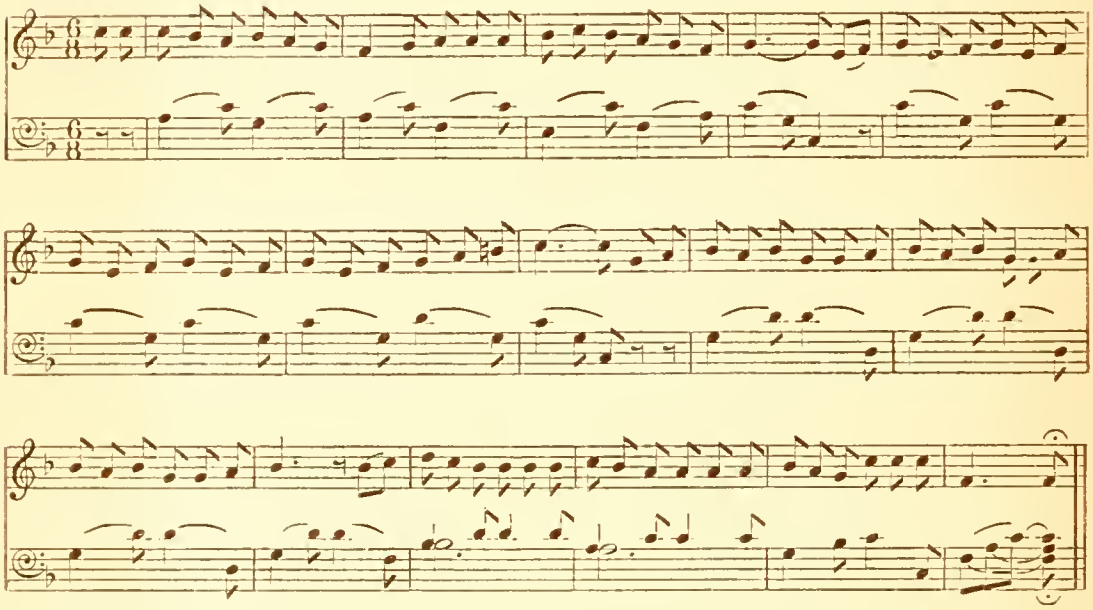
mf

"You are old, Fa-ther Wil-liam," the young man said, "And your hair has be-come ve-ry white; And yet you in-ces-sant-ly stand on your head—Do you think, at your age, it is right?" "In my youth," Father Wil-liam re-plied to his son, "I feared it might in-jure the brain; But, now that I'm per-fect-ly sure I have none, Why I do it a-gain and a-gain."

f *mf* *f*

You are old, Father William

(CONTINUED.)



"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balance an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat

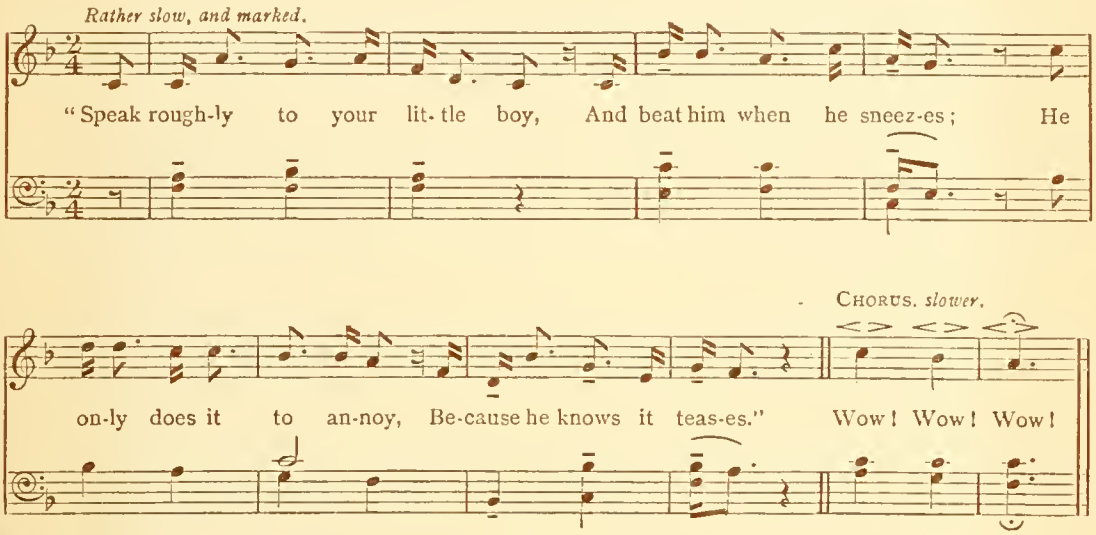
Cheerful and quick.

Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle bat! How I won - der what you're at!

Up a - bove the world you fly. Like a tea - tray in the sky!

CHARLES FOLKARD.

Pig and Pepper



"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases."
Wow! Wow! Wow!

CHARLES POLLARD

The Lobster Quadrille

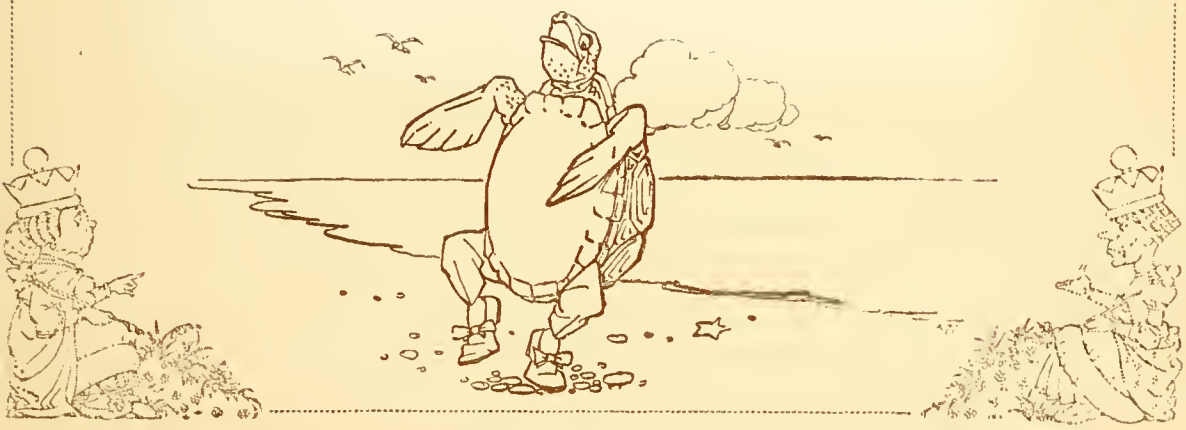
In lively time.

"Will you walk a lit - tle fast - er?" said a whi - ting to a snail "There's a por - poise close be - hind us, and he's tread - ing on my tail. See how ea - ger - ly the lob - sters and the tur - tles all ad - vance! They are wait - ing on the shin - gle— will you

CHORUS.

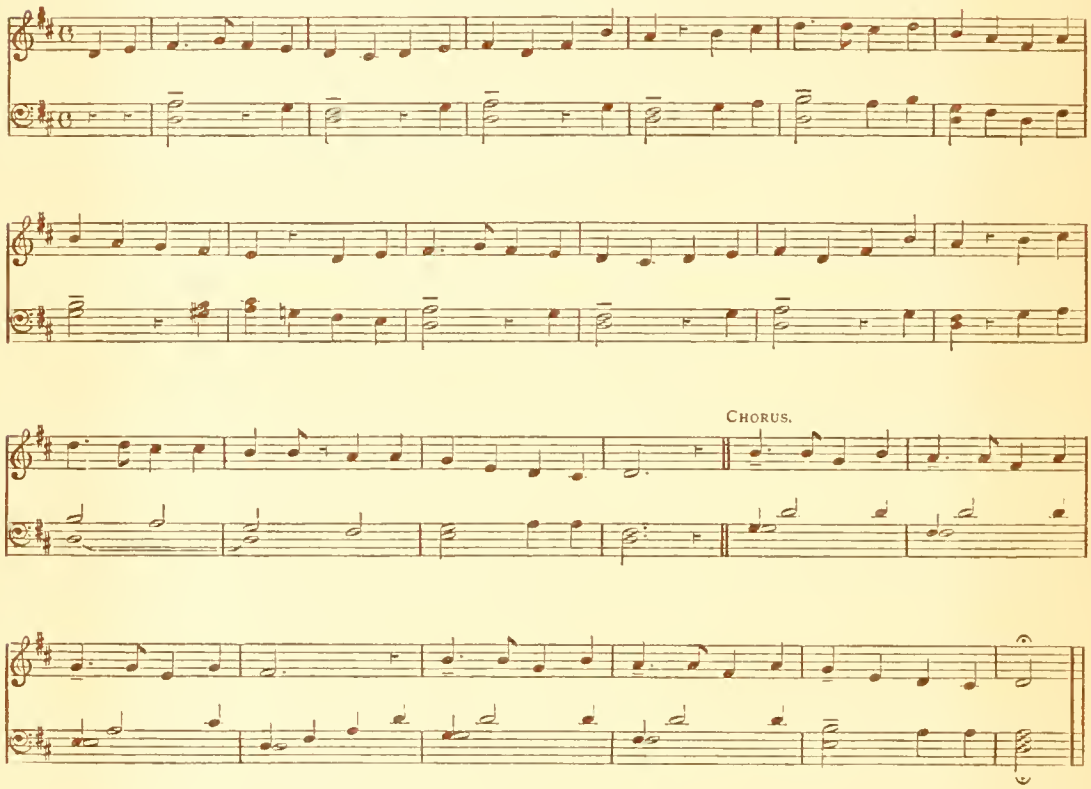
come and join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance? Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

Continued on next page.



The Lobster Quadrille

(CONTINUED)



"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied;
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, belovèd snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

'Tis the Voice of the Lobster

In dance time.

'Tis the voice of the lob - ster; I heard him de - clare, "You have baked me too brown, I must su-gar my hair." As a duck with its eye - lids, so he with his nose Trims his belt and his but-tons, and turns out his toes.

CHARLES FOLKARD

Beautiful Soup

In bumpy Schottische fashion. *simile.*

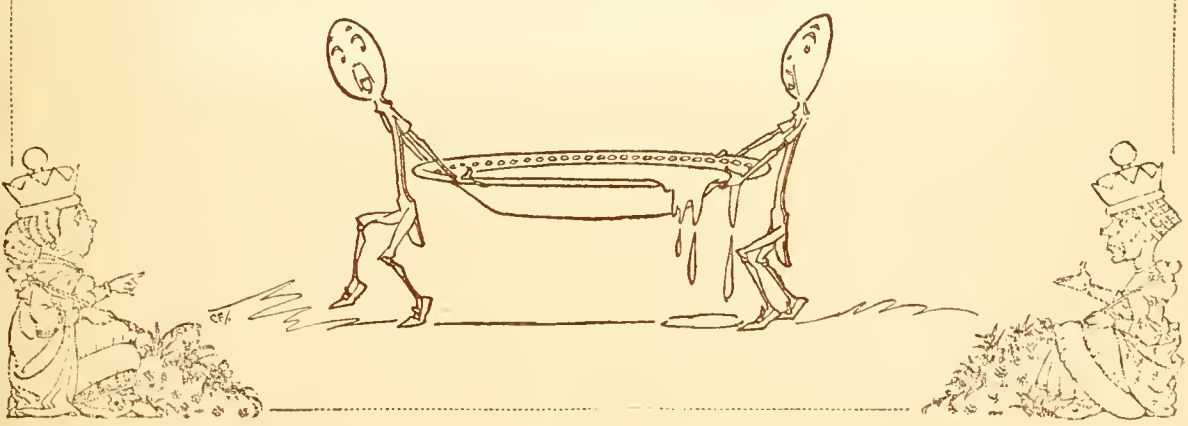
Beau-ti-ful soup, so . . rich and green, Wait-ing . . in . . a . . hot tu-reen!

Who for such dain-ties would not stoop? Soup of the ev-'ning, beau-ti-ful soup!

Soup of the ev-'ning, beau-ti-ful soup! Beau-ti-ful soo-oop! Beau-ti-ful soo-oop!

Soo-oop of the e-e-ev-'ning, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful soo-oo-oop!

"Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two p-
ennyworth only of beautiful soup!
Pennyworth only of beautiful soup!
Beautiful soo-oop!
Beautiful soo-oop!
Soo-oop of the e-e-ev'ning,
Beautiful, beautiful soo-oo-oop!



The Queen of Hearts

Rather slow, and with expression.

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, All on a sum - mer day: . . The

Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite a - way!

Who stole the Tarts

In strict time, and with as little expression as possible.

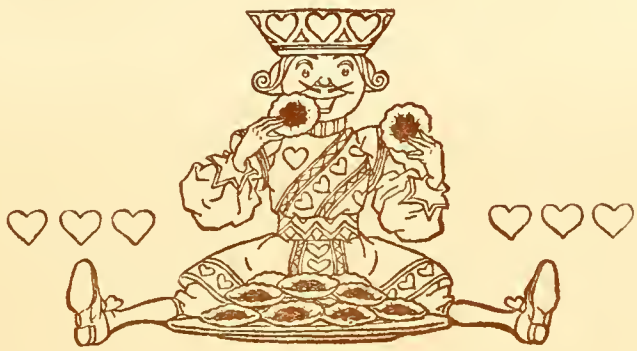
They told me you had been to her, And men-tioned me to him: She gave me a good cha-rac-ter, But said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone (We know it to be true): If she should push the mat-ter on, What would become of you?

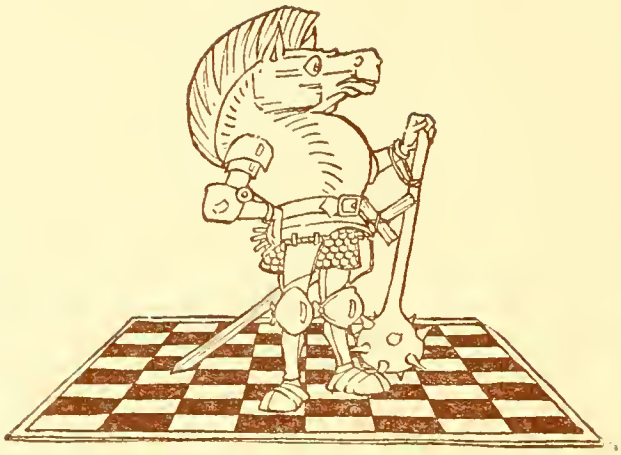
I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

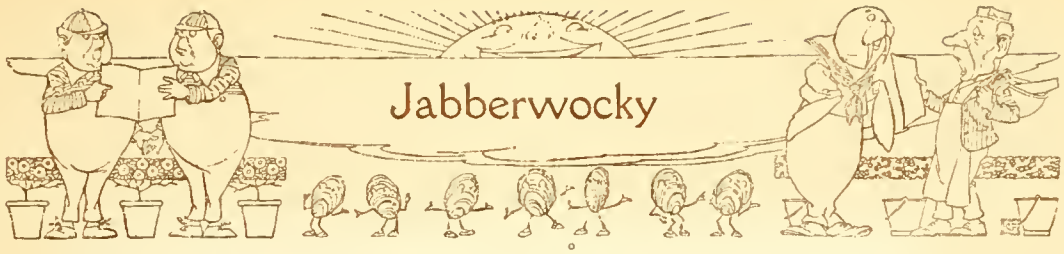
Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.





SONGS FROM
THROUGH
THE
LOOKING-GLASS

CHARLES FOLKARD



Well marked, and mysteriously.

p

'Twas bril - lig, and the sli - thy toves Did gyre and gim - ble in the wabe; All

mim - sy were the bo - ro - goves, And the mome raths out - grabe. . .

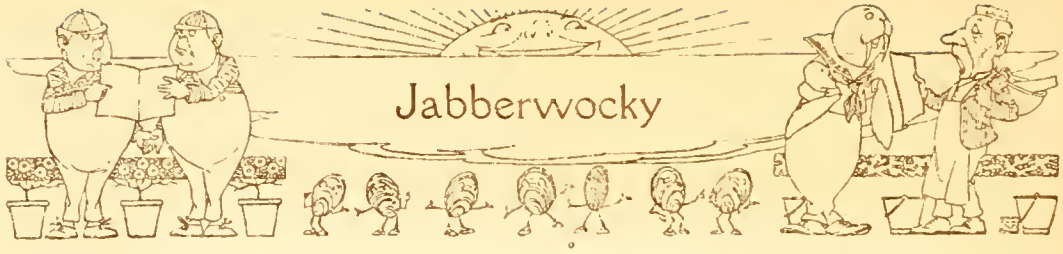
cres. *f*

"Be - ware the Jab - ber - wock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Be -

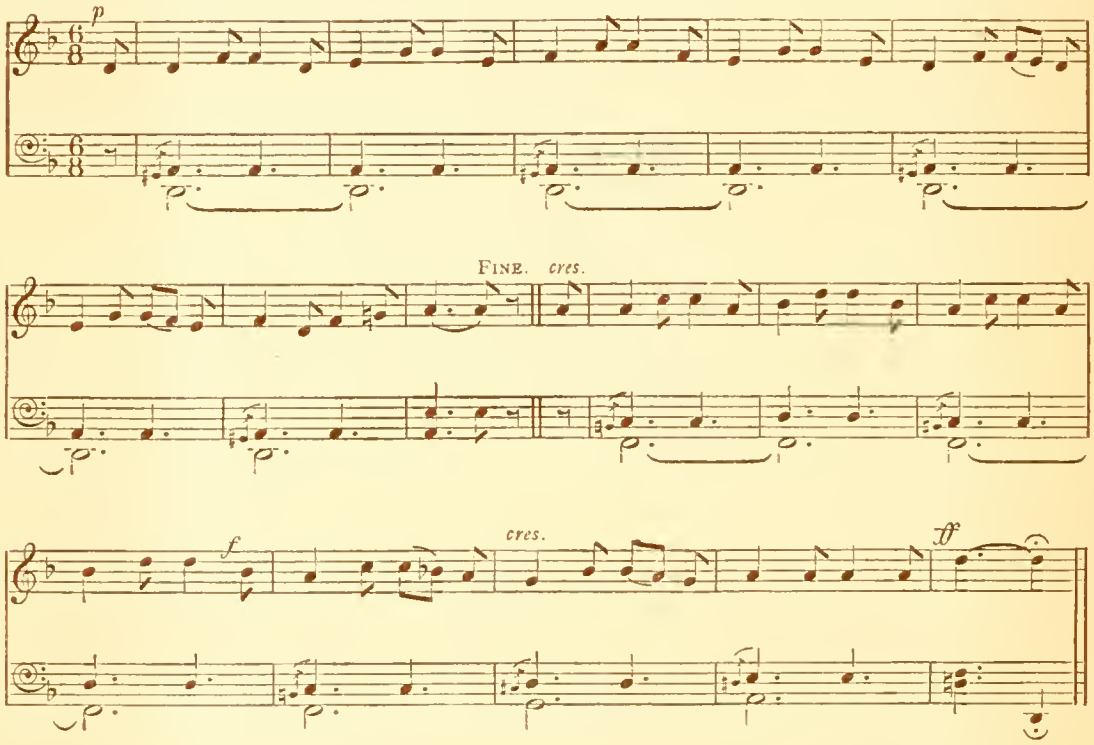
ff

- ware the Jub - jub bird, and shun The fru - mious Ban - der - snatch!"

Continued on next page.



(CONTINUED.)



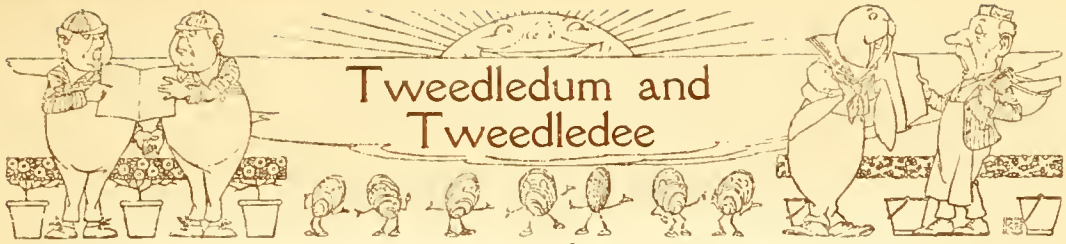
He took his vorpal sword in hand:
  Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tum-tum tree,
  And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
  The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
  And burbled as it came.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
  The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
  He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?—
  Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
  He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.



Tweedledum and Tweedledee

In march time.

mf

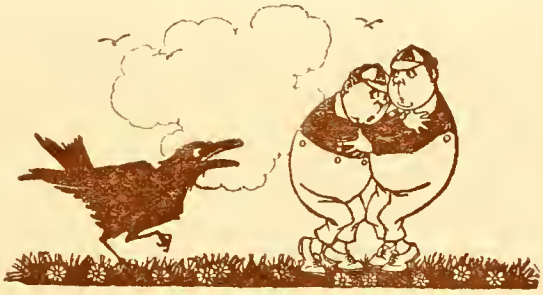
Twee - dle - dum and Twee - dle - dee A - greed to have a bat - tle; For

Twee - dle - dum said Twee - dle - dee Had spoiled his nice new rat - tle. Just

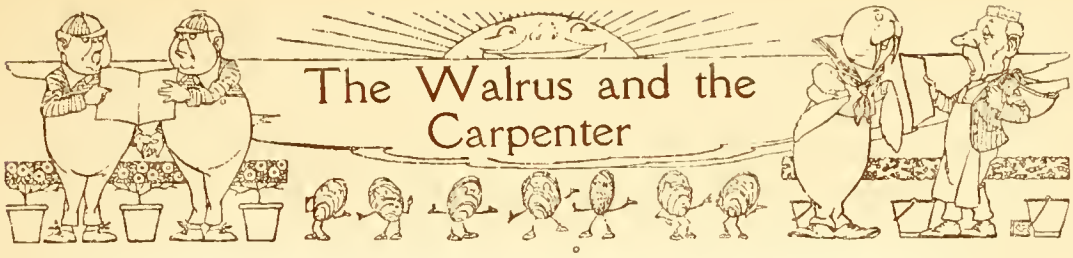
f

then flew down a mon - strous crow, As black as a tar - bar - rel; Which

fright - ened both the he - roes so, They quite for - got their quar - rel.



CHARLES PONNARD



The Walrus and the Carpenter

Moderately fast, legato.

The sun was shi - ning on the sea, . . Shi-ning with all his might: He did his ve - ry best to make The bil - lows smooth and bright—. . And this was odd, be - cause it was The mid - dle of . . the night. . . .

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no bus'ness to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

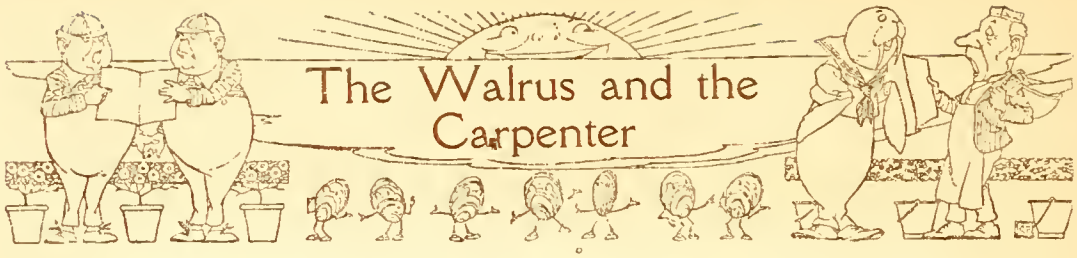
"O, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech,
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet!

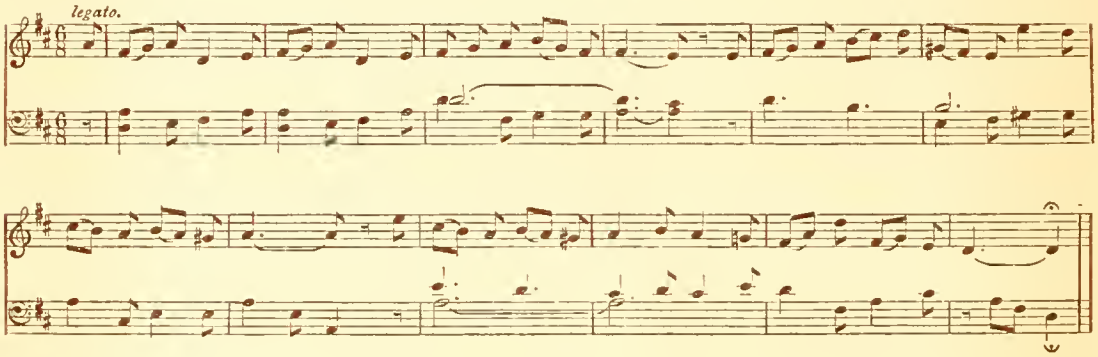
Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

Continued on next page.



The Walrus and the Carpenter

(CONTINUED.)



The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry," said the Carpenter:
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is chiefly what we need:
Pepper and vinegar, besides,
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

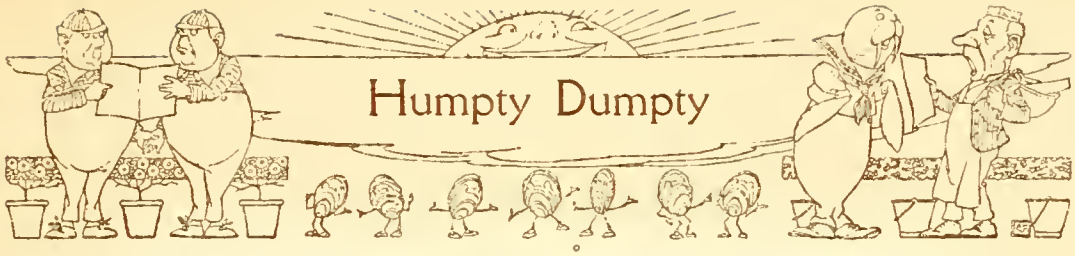
"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize,"
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.



Humpty Dumpty

Rather briskly.

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall: Hump - ty

Dump - ty had a great fall. All the King's hor - ses and

all the King's men Could-n't put Hump-ty Dump-ty in his place a - gain.

CHARLES FOLKARD

The Message to the Fish

Very dreamy and rhythmical.

p

In win - ter, when the fields are white, I sing this song for your de - light— In

spring, when woods are get - ting green, I 'll try and tell you what I mean. In

cres. *f*

sum - mer, when the days are long, Per - haps you 'll un - der - stand the song: In

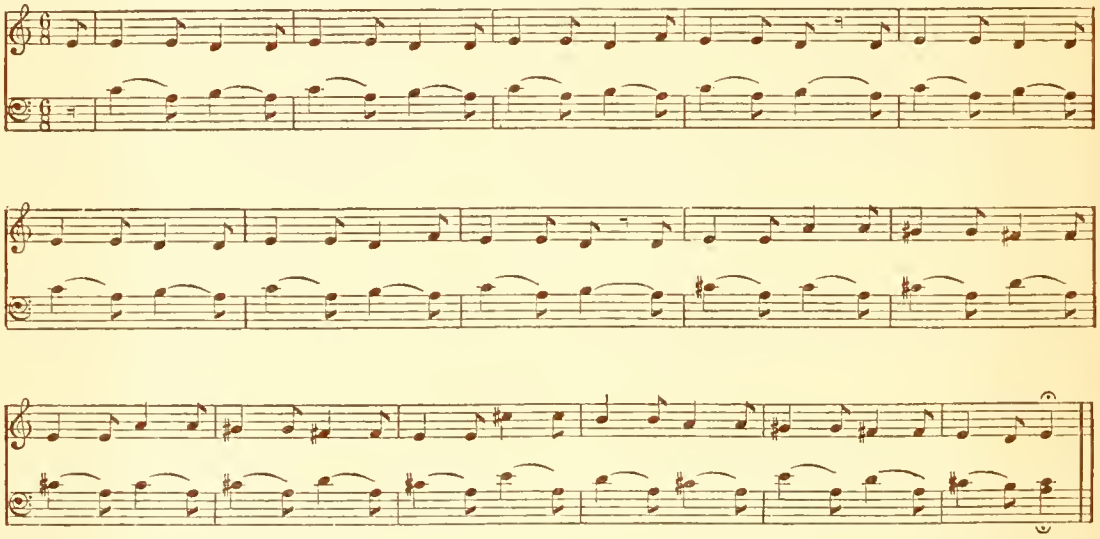
dim.

au - tumn, when the leaves are brown, Take pen and ink, and write it down.

Continued on next page.

The Message to the Fish

(CONTINUED.)



I sent a message to the fish:
I told them "This is what I wish."

The little fishes of the sea
They sent an answer back to me.

The little fishes' answer was
"We cannot do it, sir, because—"

I sent to them again to say
"It will be better to obey."

The fishes answered, with a grin,
"Why, what a temper you are in!"

I told them once, I told them twice:
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then some one came to me, and said,
"The little fishes are in bed."

I said to him, I said it plain,
"Then you must wake them up again."

I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear.

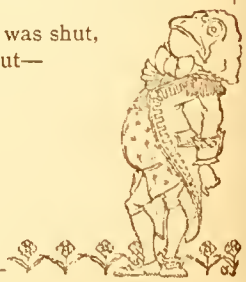
But he was very stiff and proud;
He said, "You needn't shout so loud!"

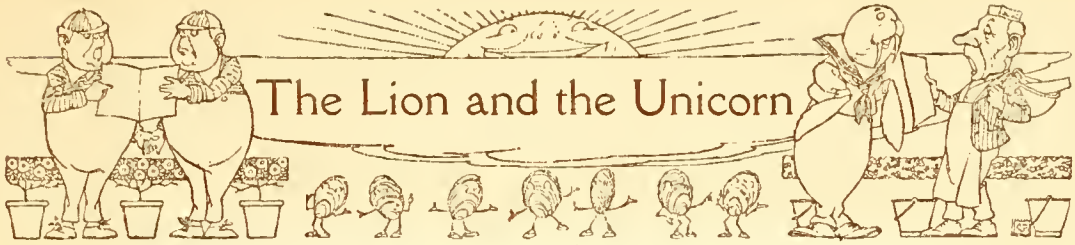
And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, "I'd go and wake them, if—"

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed, and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but—





The Lion and the Unicorn

In march time.
(The right hand may play the tune an 8ve or two higher, by way of imitating fife and drum.)

The Li - on and the U - ni-corn were fight -ing for the Crown: The Li - on beat the

sfz *sfz* *sfz*

U - ni - corn all round the town. Some gave them white bread,

sfz *sfz*

some gave them brown; Some gave them plum cake, and drummed them out of town.

sfz *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

CHARLES FOCKARD

The Aged, Aged Man

Tune "I give thee all, I can no more," adapted by T. Moore
from H. Bishop, arranged by L. Broadwood.

Sentimentally.

I'll tell thee ev - 'ry-thing I can; There's lit - tle to re - late. I saw an a - ged,

a - ged man, A - sit - ting on a gate. "Who are you, a - ged man?" I said. "And

rall.

how is it you live?" And his an-swer trickled through my head Like wa - ter through a sieve.

He said, "I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
"Who sail on stormy seas;
And that 's the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please."

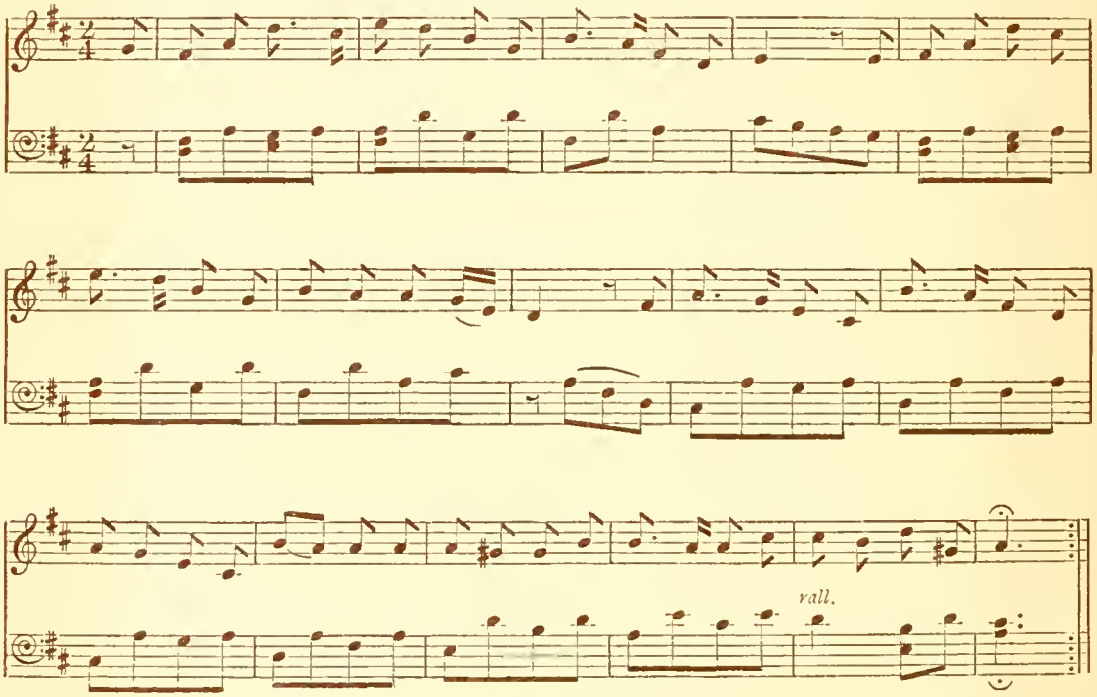
But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they should not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
And thumped him on the head.

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said "I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain rill,
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowlands' Macassar Oil—
Yet two-pence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil!"

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
"And what it is you do!"

Continued on next page.

(CONTINUED.)



He said, " I hunt for haddocks' eyes
  Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
  In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
  Or coin of silv'ry shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
  And that will purchase nine."

" I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
  Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
  For wheels of Hansom-cabs!
And that 's the way " (he gave a wink)
  " By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
  Your honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
  Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
  By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
  The way he got his wealth.
But chiefly for his wish that he
  Might drink my noble health.

Last verse on next page.

The Aged, Aged Man

(CONTINUED.)

LAST VERSE.

And now, if e'er by chance I put My fin-gers in-to glue, Or mad-ly squeeze a right-hand foot In-

- to a left-hand shoe, Or if I drop up-on my toe A ve-ry hea-vy weight, I

weep, for it re-minds me so Of that old man I used to know—Whose
look was mild, whose speech was slow, Whose hair was whi-ter than the snow, Whose
face was ve-ry like a crow, With eyes, like cin-ders, all a-glow, Who
seem'd dis-tract-ed with his woe, Who rocked his bo-dy to and fro, And
mut-tered mum-bling-ly and low, As if his mouth were full of dough; Who

rallentando. *a tempo.*

snort-ed like a buf-fa-lo—That sum-mer ev-'ning, long a-go, A-sit-ting on a gate!

CHARLES TOLKARD

Quick and cheerful.

mf

To the Look - ing - Glass world it was A - lice that said, "I've a

scep - tre in hand, I've a crown on my head; *cres.* Let the Look - ing - Glass crea - tures, what-

f

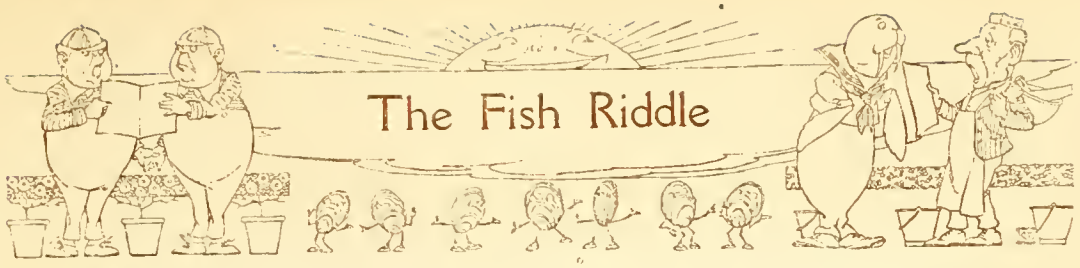
- ev - er they be, Come and dine with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

"Oh, Looking-Glass creatures," quoth Alice, "draw near!
'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!

CHARLES FOLKARD



The Fish Riddle

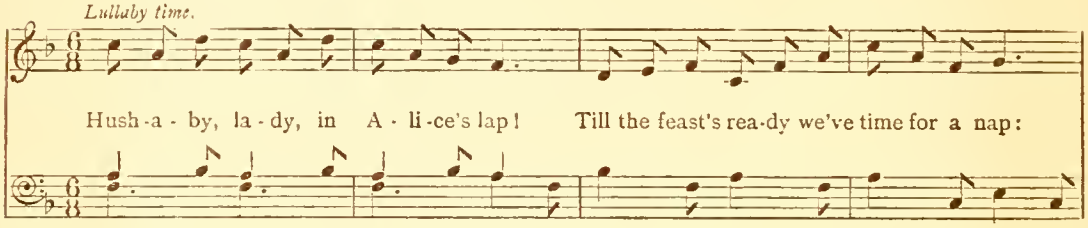
Moderately brisk.

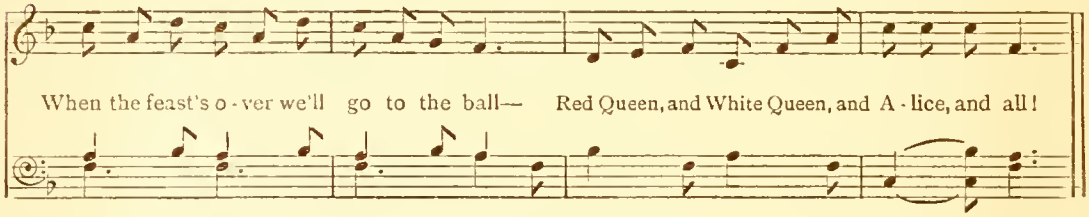
1. "First, the fish must be caught." That is ea-sy: a ba-by, I think, could have caught it. "Next, the fish must be bought." That is ea-sy: a pen-ny, I think, would have bought it. "Now, cook me the fish!" That is ea-sy, and will not take more than a min-ute. "Let it lie in a dish!" That is ea-sy, be-cause it al-rea-dy is in it! . .

2. "Bring it here! Let me sup!" It is ea-sy to set such a dish on the ta-ble. "Take the dish-co-ver up!" Ah, that is . . so hard that I fear I'm un-a-ble! For it holds it like glue—Holds the lid . . to the dish, while it lies in the mid-dle: Which is ea-siest to do, Un-dish-cov-er the fish, or dish-cov-er the rid-dle? . .

Hush-a-by, Lady

Lullaby time.





8077 1